

## PARENTS FEAR MISSING GIRL WAS ABDUCTED

No News Received of Miss May Rose, of Staten Island.

LEFT HOME ON SUNDAY.

Friends Say She Had No Love Affair So Far as They Know.

Although two detectives and a host of volunteers have been searching unrelentingly for Miss May Rose, who disappeared from her home at Port Richmond, S. I., last Sunday, not the slightest trace of her has been discovered. She was last seen on a train bound for St. George to visit a friend in Brooklyn.

The only possible explanation that occurs to the family and friends of the girl to account for her disappearance is that she left home with the intention of securing a position as stenographer in Manhattan. She was employed in that capacity by James Burke, Jr., a Staten Island lawyer, but had frequently expressed dissatisfaction and a desire to secure a better place.

Johnston Rose, the father of the girl, insists that there was no reason for her to conceal from her family the fact that she had arranged to go to work in Manhattan if she had made such arrangements. Mrs. Johnston says that May had not been restricted in her movements and that she went to work of her own volition on Staten Island after being graduated from a school of stenography in Brooklyn.

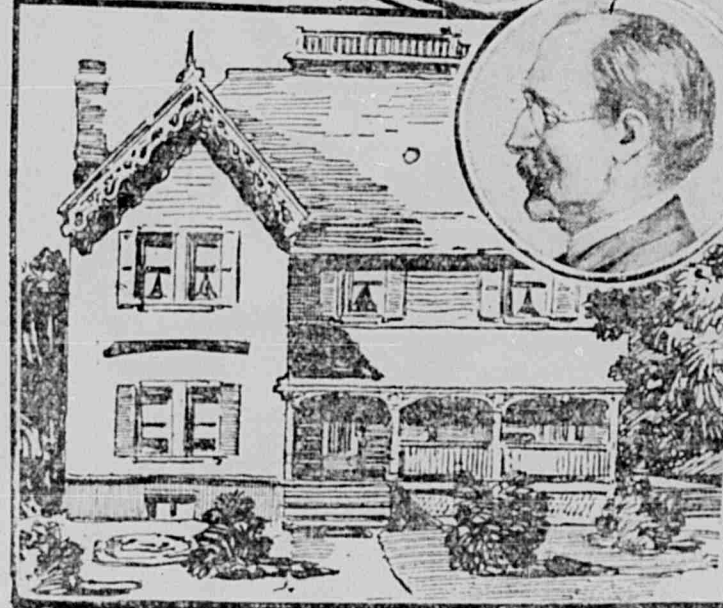
Exhaustive inquiry among the friends of the girl has failed to bring to light any evidence of a love affair. Her friends insist that she was not stage-struck and had no romantic notions. Mr. Rose insists that she answered a "personal" advertisement in a Sunday newspaper that makes a specialty of publishing them and is being detained somewhere in Manhattan against her will.

Miss P. Rose started on Sunday afternoon to visit her friend, Grace Harbert, at No. 29 South Oxford street, Brooklyn. When going to visit Miss Harbert it was the custom of Miss Rose to take the Second Avenue "L" at the Battery, ride to either the Grand or Lexington street stations and walk from there to the Williamsburg Bridge. Her mother fears that some harm may have befallen her in this walk, and inside of twelve hours after her disappearance an alarm had been sent out.

## MISS MAY ROSE, MISSING STATEN ISLAND GIRL.



The Home at Port Richmond



J. L. Rose.

## TOBACCO CHEWING KID IS STEAMER'S MASCOT.

A tobacco chewing Bengali kid is proudly exhibited as the mascot of the British tramp steamer Haratze, lying at the Bush Docks, South Brooklyn. Third Officer Bowcock picked it up on the dock at Calcutta just before the Haratze weighed anchor. He saved it from being devoured by a Chow dog. The little thing was so young that it could not feed, and the officer rigged up a feeding apparatus consisting of an amber cigar-holder attached to the reservoir of a fountain pen, filled for the nonce with milk.

While absorbing its nourishment through the cigar-holder, the kid acquired a taste for nicotine, and when it grew strong enough to run about the deck it betrayed its fondness for the officers' cigar butts. A plug of Black Jack was tossed to it and it munched contentedly off it and as for cigarettes, it devoured them paper and all.

Its natural propensity to tackle anything in the eating line was shown when it wandered into the fore-cabin one day and devoured the dish of sacred spiced curries which the Lasar crew had prepared with much Oriental ceremony and set out as an offering to their gods to keep off water devils. For this the Lasars decided the kid should die, but it was rescued by the officers and kept safe, although the refusal to yield it up for sacrifice almost caused a mutiny among the Lasar crew.

## "Going Away From Here?"



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## BOY ABSCONDER SENDS BACK STOLEN \$200,000

Messenger Delivers Securities to First National Bank and Note from Model Youth Who Defaulted.

The \$200,000 in securities taken from the First National Bank by Wheelock Harvey, a young messenger employed in the bank, have been mysteriously returned. With them was a note from Harvey admitting the theft of \$230 and a promise of restitution.

When the cashier, Charles D. Backus, reached the bank to-day, he found a large envelope which had been left by a uniformed messenger boy. In it were the notes and securities which Harvey had taken from the bank Wednesday morning, and which he failed to return during that day and yesterday.

The note to the bank from the youth is the only word received from him. His father, Louis F. Harvey, a teller in the Chase National Bank, living at No. 45 Thirtieth street, Brooklyn, did not even know to-day that his son

had returned the securities.

Where the boy was when he sent the note to the bank or what his intentions were he did not state. Detectives for the bonding company which provided his bond to the bank started in search of the messenger boy who delivered the envelope.

At his home and among the associates of young Harvey his act and his disappearance were matters of the greatest surprise. Only eighteen years old, he had been in the bank's employ seven months and was considered promising. His pay was \$25 a month, and he was to have had an increase in July.

He was a member of the choir of All Saints Protestant Episcopal Church at Seventh avenue and Seventh street, Brooklyn. His associates were almost entirely young members of the same church. The Rev. William Morrison, pastor of the church, said to-day that he considered young Harvey such a model boy that he had recommended him for the position in the bank.

Infatuated with Girl. Harvey was in love with a young lady of the same church. She is Miss Jennings, of No. 468 Second street. He had been at Miss Jennings's home until midnight Tuesday, and then wanted permission of the young lady's mother to call Wednesday evening, but Mrs. Jennings replied:

"No, for Heaven's sake, don't make it so soon. Give us a chance to sleep."

So the young man got permission to call again last night, but he did not call. Mrs. Jennings insisted that her daughter had not heard from Harvey since Tuesday night and that the news of his disappearance was as great a mystery to her as to anyone.

Mr. Harvey, father of the youth, in discussing the matter to-day, said:

"I will not interfere with the course of the law. It is determined advisable to send my son to a school or other institution where he may be guided into the right path. I shall not stand in the way. God knows I have done everything possible to bring him up to be a good, clean and useful citizen. If I have failed it is not my fault. Of course, as he is my son, I shall do all I can for his good."

The Lesson Evil.

(From the Milwaukee Sentinel.)

"Why do you persist in driving your automobile faster than the speed limit, and by so doing have to pay a fine every once in a while?"

"Because if I drive slow people will say I'm afraid and don't know how to run the machine."

## BROUWER MADE SECRET VISITS TO NEGRO GIRL

Important Poison Case Witness Who Has Reappeared Was in Hiding in Brooklyn While Prosecutor Searched.

(Special to The Evening World.) TOMS RIVER, N. J., June 8.—Neighbors of Dr. Frank Brouwer, who is in jail accused of poisoning his wife, believe he has known all winter the whereabouts of Florence Vincent, the young colored girl, who was employed as maid of all work at the Brouwer home during Mrs. Brouwer's mysterious illness and at the time of her death, and who has suddenly reappeared here.

The girl vanished when the investigation of Mrs. Brouwer's death was begun, and the authorities, believing she was in Philadelphia, made search for her there.

It is now said she went to Brooklyn, where her family resides. Last December when the Hyer family first insisted that the mystery of their sister's death should be probed and that an autopsy be held it is said that Dr. Brouwer went to Brooklyn, making two trips there to see Florence Vincent and her brother, John Vincent, who was his coachman and stamman at the time of Mrs. Brouwer's death.

Cooked Last Dinner. One of his friends who have told of these trips asked him why he went. The friend says he gave this significant reply:

"Well, that girl cooked the last meal Carrie ate before she was taken sick. There might have been something in her food that caused her sickness, and it would be well to know who put it there."

It is also known that Brouwer went to Philadelphia about the same time, and it is alleged, saw Miss Horlock, the nurse, who has since refused to testify or even to talk to the State's attorney.

Florence Vincent returned to Toms River last Wednesday and was engaged as maid of all work by John L. Cowperthwaite, a merchant. She was seen on the street yesterday, and Prosecutor Brown was notified.

Served Subpoena. The latter was surprised and immediately served a subpoena on her to appear as a witness in the Brouwer trial.

The girl absolutely refused to say anything, she declaring that her father had instructed her to keep silent on the Brouwer matter, or she might get mixed up in the case.

The girl took care of the Brouwer children during Mrs. Brouwer's illness, and also attended to the sick woman at times. It was common report that Florence Vincent said she had seen things when in Mrs. Brouwer's room that would throw much light upon the nature of her last illness.

Mr. Cowperthwaite, by whom she is now employed, is a friend of Dr. Brouwer. Other friends of the doctor have subscribed a considerable sum of money for his defense. Some of the

ONE CROOK SUSPECT SENT TO THE ISLAND.

He Made a Mistake Cursing the Sleuths Who Arrested Him.

Inspector McLaughlin's men, who are trying to keep the crooks off the streets, believe they have at last hit upon a way to do it. This is based on what happened to Charles Little when he was arraigned before Magistrate Moss in the Centre Street Court. Little got two months on the island because a charge of disorderly conduct was lodged against him.

Little was one of twenty persons picked up last night because their portraits are in the Rogues' Gallery. He lives at No. 1033 Broadway, Williamsburg, and was arrested at First avenue and First street, Manhattan, by Detective-Sergeants Griffin and Torley, when

they told him to come along, he said: "You ain't got nothing on me and I'll get turned loose in the morning, any day."

Then he proceeded to curse the Police Department from Bingham down to the humblest doorman. This is the regular custom of crooks, and it has brought no penalty with it. To-day Charles Little was taken to court on a charge of being a suspicious person. Detective Torley charged the charge of disorderly conduct, and explained that this was because of Little's cursing the police.

"That's right," said the Magistrate, "and the way you go about it is all wrong. Two months on the island."

Now the Headquarters detectives say that whenever a "suspicious person" turns loose the vials of his wrath on them, they will be sure of having something on him. The nineteen prisoners were, of course, discharged.

His Magic Box.

(From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

"Do you have any trouble in getting a seat in your car?"

"No, sir. I always carry a little box with 'Limbure' stenciled on it in large letters, and everybody is willing to move up and make room for me."

## PLOT TO KIDNAP SUSPECTED IN MORRILL CASE

Man Who Shot Daughter of Converse May Not Be Thief.

(Special to The Evening World.)

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., June 8.—The trial of John Brown for murderous assault upon Mrs. Antoinette Converse Morrill, daughter of Edmund C. M. Converse, vice-president of the United States Steel Corporation, was resumed to-day.

It is the contention of the State that the accused, John Brown, sweetheart of Kate Tierney, the cook at the Morrill house, had planned to rob the Morrills of their silver.

Edmund C. Converse, father of Mrs. Morrill, beyond identifying a glass cutter, which was found on the lawn after a window pane had been cut from one of the windows, was excused.

Thief or Kidnapper.

Mrs. Morrill is deeply interested in the proceedings as they progress. The defense is fighting every inch of ground, and there are rumors about the court corridors that they have a sensation to spring through allegations that the man who entered the Morrill house was not upon stealing the silverplate, but intended to kidnap Mrs. Morrill's child.

Mr. and Mrs. Morrill are estranged. When the intruder was discovered by Mrs. Morrill in the hall, after she had been awakened by the cries of her child, he shot her twice and kicked her as she lay on the floor.

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## SHE WILL PENETRATE ICY WILDS ALONE.



Mrs. Ongman and Her Mother

WOMAN SEEKS A NEW ARCTIC TRIBE

Alone, Except for Esquimaux Guide, Will Explore Icy Wilds.

There are not many women who could be bribed to journey into the Arctic, but Ella Ongman is going of her free will on a long and perilous trip into the very heart of Alaska.

Mrs. Ongman starts to-morrow for San Francisco, going from there to Seattle, and by ship to Nome. From there she intends to penetrate by sled to the Esquimaux tribe of Point Barrow, which is located fifty miles or more above Point Barrow.

When it is considered that this tribe has never been reached by white men, and that Mrs. Ongman will make the trip alone with an Esquimaux guide, some idea of her remarkable pluck is conveyed. Like everybody who really "does things," though, this woman explorer doesn't think her undertaking is a bit wonderful.

Loves the Snow Country. "It isn't as if I were going into an unexplored country I didn't know the least thing about," said Mrs. Ongman today. "I was born in snow and ice, and I love the snow country, so that it seems to me to be a matter of course."

You see, I'm a Scandinavian, and am just carried away by the call of the wild. I don't mind the cold, and I love the snow country, so that it seems to me to be a matter of course."

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## OFF-DUTY COP IS MAULLED BY FIVE

Moran Couldn't Refuse Plea of Fat Man in His Saloon Apron.

Policeman William B. Moran was near his home, when, at One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street and Park avenue, he heard, as he passed a saloon, the sound of smashing furniture, breaking glass and men under stress of strong emotion. Being off duty, he had no desire to meddle with other policemen's troubles, so he hurried on. As he passed the door a fat man in a white apron burst out and grappled with him.

"Save me, save me!" he yelled. "They are bustin' up my place."

Moran entered and found many men warring promiscuously with bottles and chairs. He picked two of the ruffians, and snaked them out of the door, when he started for the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Station. He had gone half a block when he was overhauled and set upon by three other men.

Celebrated Their Capsize. Moran fought his best, but the five men, wearing promiscuously with bottles and chairs, he picked two of the ruffians, and snaked them out of the door, when he started for the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Station. He had gone half a block when he was overhauled and set upon by three other men.

Arraigned in the Harlem Court to-day, the two men said they were Felix J. Dwyer, of No. 75 East 84th street, and Andrew Rothke, of the same address. They were very, very sorry and they promised never to do it again. They said they had been capsize in the river and that their rescuer had piled them with whiskey to revive them. They had had more in the saloon, and then they had forgotten.

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